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this particular place at this particular time, and his worth, not as a teacher, or an eloquent preacher, or a clever theologian, or even as a zealous missionary whose ardour is being continually damped by the lack of response to his best efforts, but simply as a man in whom God has vested great powers in order that He may use him as the instrument for the salvation of some obscure native dying in a dismal hut in a small unknown village on the bank of the Nile.

Sickness and death do not study the convenience of the missionary either as to time or place, so he must be prepared to go at any time to any place that it is humanly possible to reach, whatever be the risk or inconvenience to himself; and although not usually fraught with peril, sick calls do have the habit of coming in at the most awkward times and from the most inaccessible of places. It may happen that the priest is alone in the mission and is perhaps in the middle of morning school when the summons comes from a village maybe ten or fifteen miles away. A catechist has come across a man, baptized many years ago in Detwok, but long since drifted from the district, who is sick and dying in a remote village on the other side of Kodok, and now sends in a messenger to inform the priest. Or, as often happens, the mission hears of it only because the pagan relatives of the dying man have sent in, not to summon assistance, but merely to beg a cloth to use as a shroud for his burial. Whatever way the news has come in, the priest acts promptly; he hurriedly hands over his class to the Sister next door, or gives it sufficient work to keep it busy—if not happy—for the remainder of the morning. From the house he picks up his sick-call case, hurries to the chapel for the Blessed Sacrament and, if the state of the roads permits, is away on his bicycle in a matter of minutes. If the rains are on and cycling is impossible, he changes his shoes and stockings for a pair of rubber pumps and sets out across the fields and through the swamps in the general direction of the main road and Kodok.

He arrives at that important administrative and commercial centre (the Assistant District Commissioner's residence and office, a prison, a dispensary and half a dozen Arab-

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shops) in about an hour if he is on his bicycle, but if he is on foot he will be two-and-a-half to three hours on the road. He looks around for the catechist and eventually finds him on the outside of the prison fence, chatting through the wire to some of his friends on the other side who have had the misfortune to be found out. The catechist jumps up when he sees the priest approaching and hurries to meet him and assure him that the man is still alive and very anxious to see him. He tells him that the village is but a short distance away (actually it turns out to be the best part of four miles through the forest behind Kodok), and proceeds to conduct him thither through a labyrinth of paths and tracks.

Eventually they arrive at the village, a huddle of half-a-dozen miserable huts, and cross to the one where the sick man is lying. Several mangy pi-dogs drowsing in the sun rouse up at the entrance of the stranger and make their usual attack. The priest crawls through the narrow entrance into the hut and coming from dazzling sunlight into semi-darkness, for there are no windows in the hut and the grass mat that was removed from the door to give him entrance has been replaced, it takes him some time to accustom himself to his surroundings. He tells someone squatting near the entrance to remove the mat from the door, since besides the lack of light there is also a decided lack of air, and the temperature, high enough outside, is well nigh unbearable inside. Furthermore there is a haze of smoke from a long Shilluk pipe which is being handed round the visitors to the sick bed, and an unbelievable stench arising from foul tobacco, decaying fish and unwashed, oiled and ash-smeared Shilluk bodies.

The first thing the priest does is to clear the place of its occupants—including the fish. He is relieved to find that the young woman suckling a baby is not the sick man's wife; indeed he has not got a wife, so that is one complication the less, anyway. Then, soaked with perspiration and blinded by the drops that run down into his eyes, he turns to the motionless bundle of rags lying on a skin on the floor. The man is conscious and evidently glad that the priest has come.